THE FIRST PART of Ieronimo, or of the Spanish Tragedy.

With the Warres of Portugall, and the life and death of Don Andræa.

Printed at London for Thomas Pauyer, and are to be solde at his shop, at the entrance into the Exchange 1605.

THE
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of Hieronimo.

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The first Part of Ieronimo.

Sound a Signate and passe ouer the stage, Enter at one dore The king of Spaine, Duke of Castile, Duke Medina, Lorenzo, and Rogero: at another doore, Andrea, Horatio, and Ieronimo, Ieronimo kneeles downe, and the King creates him Marshall of Spaine: Lorenzo putes on his spurres, and Andrea his sword, the king goes along with Ieronimo to his house, after a long Signate is sounded: Enter all the nobles, with couerd dishes to the banquet.

Exit Omnes.

That done Enter all agen as before.

Spai. Frolick Ieronimo, thou art now confirmd,
Marshall of Spaine, by all the dewes
And customary rights vnto thy office.

Iero. My knee sings thanks vnto your highnes boun-
Come hether boy Horatio, fould thy wynts, tie,
Kneele by thy fathers loynes, and thank my leedge,
by honering me, thy Mother, and thy selfe,
with this high staffe of office.

Hora. O my leedge I haue a hart thrice stronger then
and that shall answere gratefully for me, my years,
Let not my youthfull blush impare my vallor,
If euer you haue foes, or red field scars,
Ile empty all my vaines to serue your wars:
Ile bleed for you: and more, what speech a words,
Ile speake in drops when I do saile in words.

Iero. Well spoke my boy, and on thy fathers side.
My leedge how like you Don Horatios spirit,
what, doth it not promise faire,

Spai. I, and no doubt his merit will purchase more,
Knight Marshall rise, and still rise
Higher, and greater in thy Soueraines eies.
Iero. O fortunate houre, blessed mynait, happy day,
Able to rauish euen my sence away;
Now I remember tw: O sweet remembrance,
This day my years strike fiftie, and in Rome,
They call the fifty year the year of Iubily,
The mery yeare, the peacefull yeere, Ioeond yeare,
A yeere of ioy, of pleasure and delight,
This shalbe my yeare of Iubily, for tis my fifty.
Age bthers honor; tis no shame, confesse;
Beard, thou art fifty full, not a haire lesse.

Enter an Embassador.

Spai. How now, what news from Spain, tribute returnd?
Embas. Tribute in words my leadge, but not in coine.
Spai. Ha! dare he still procrastinate with Spaine,
Not tribute paied, not three yeers payed,
Tis not at his coine
But his slack homage, that we most repine.
Iero. My leadge, if my opinion might stand firme
Within your highnes thoughts:
Spai. Marshall, our kingdome calles thée father;
Therefore speake free.
Thy counsell tle imbrace, as I do thée.
Iero. I thanke your highnes: then my Gracious leadge,
I hold it méete by way of Embassage,
To demaund his mind and the neglect of tribute:
But my leadge heere must be kind words,
Which doth oft besiedge the eares of rough
Heawn tyrants, more then blowes:
Oh, a polyticke speech begniles the eares of foes,

Marie

Mary my leedge mistake me not I pray;
If friendly phraises, honied speech, bewitching accent,
Well tuned mellody, and all sweet guifts of nature,
Cannot auaile or win him to it,
Then let him raise his gall vp to his tong,
And be as bitter as physitions drugs,
Stretch his mouth wider, with big swolne phrases:
Oh heeres a Lad of mettle, stout Don Andrea;
Mettle to the crowne
Would shake the kings hie court three handfuls downe.
Spai. And well pickt out knight Marshall,
Speech well strung,
Ide rather chuse Horatio, were he not so young.
Hora. I humbly thanke your highnes,
In placing me next vnto his royall bosome.
Spai. How stand ye Lords to this election.
Omnes Right pleasing our dread Soueraigne,
Medi. Onely with pardon mighty Soueraigne.
Casti. I should haue chose Don Lorenzo.
Don Rogero,
Rog. O no, not me my Lords;
I am wars Champion, and my fes are swords,
Pray king, pray peeres, let it be Don Andrea,
Hees a worthy lim,
Loues wars and Souldiers, therefore I loue him.
Iero. And I loue him, and thee valliant Rogero,
Noble spyrits, gallant blouds,
Your no wise insinuating Lords,
You ha no tricks, you ha none of all their slights.
Lo. So, so, Andrea must be sent imbassador;
Lorenzo is not thought vpon: good.
Ile wake the Court, or startle out some blood.
Spai. How stand you Lords to this election.
Omnes. Right pleasing our dread Soueraigne.

Spai. then Don Andrea.
And. My approued leedge.
spai. We make thee our Lord hie vnbassador.
and. Your highnes cirkels me with honors boundes,
I still discharg the waight of your command,
with best respect, i sciendly tempred phraise,
Cannot affect the vertue of your charge,
I will be hard like thunder, and as rough,
as Northerne tempests, or the vext bowels,
Of two insulting waues, who at one blow,
Fiue marchants wealths into the deepe doth throw,
Ile threaten crimson wars.
Roge. I, I, thats good;
Let them keepe coine, pay tribute with their blood.
spai. Farwell then don Andrea, to thy chardge:
Lordes letes in, ioy shalbe now our guest,
Lets in to celebrate our second feast.

Exit Omnes.

manet Lorenzo Solus.

Lor. Andrea's gone embassador;
Lorenza is not drempt on in this age,
Hard fate,
when villaines sit not in the highest state!
Ambitions plumes that flourisht in our court,
Senere authority has dasht with iustice;
And pollicy, and pride, walke like two exiles
Giuing attendance, that were once attended,
and we reiected that were once high honored,
I hate andrea, cause he aimes at honor,
when my purest thoughts, work in a pitchy vale,
which are as different as heauen and hell,
One peeres for day, the other gappes for night.
That yawning Beldam with her Ieitie skin,
Tis she I hug as mine effeminate bride,

For

For such complexions best appease my pride:
I haue a lad in pikell of this stamp,
A melancholy discontented courtier
Whose famisht iawes look like the chap of death;
Upon whose eie browes hang damnation,
Whose hands are washt in rape, and murders bould,
Him with a goulden baite will I allure,
(For Courtiers wil doe any thing for gould)
To be Andreas death at his retourne:
Hée loues my Sister, that shall cost his life;
So shée a husband, he shall lose a wife,
O swéete, swéete pollicie, I hugg thée, god:
Andreas Himens draught, shallbe in bloud.

Exit.

Enter Horatio at one doore, Andrea at an other.

Hora. Whether in such hast my second selfe.
And. I'faith my deare bosome, to take solemne leaue,
Of a most wéeping creature.
Hora. Thats a woman.

Enter Bellimperia.

And. Thats Bellimperia.
Hora. Séese, she métes you héere:
And what it is to loue? And be loued déere,
Bell. I haue hard of your honor gentle brest,
I do not like it now so well me thinkes.
And. What, not to haue honor bestoued on me?
Bell. O yes: But not a wandring honor deere,
I could afford well didst thou stay here,
Could honor melt it selfe into thy vaines,

And

And thou the fountaine, I could wish it so,
If thou wouldst remaine heere with me: and not go.
And. Tis but to portugale.
hora. But to demand the tribute Ladie.
Bel. Trybute, alas that Spaine, cannot of peace
Forbeare, a little coine, the Indies being so neere,
And yet this is not all: I know you are to hot,
to full of spleene or an imbassador,
And will leane much to honor.
and. Push.
Bel. Nay heare me deere, I know you will be rough
And violent, and portingale hath a tempestus son,
Stampt with the marke of fury, and you too.
and. Sweet Bellimperia.
Bel. Meete meete like thunder, eatch imperious ouer
Others spleen, you haue both proud spirits, and both will
strive to aspire, when two vert Clouds iustle they strike
Out fire, and you I feare me war, which peace forfend,
O deere andrea pray, lets haue no wars,
First let them pay the souldiers, that were mainde
In the last battaile, ere more wretches fall,
Or walke on stilts to timeless Funerall.
and. Respective deere, O my liues happines,
the ioy of all my being, do not shape
Frightfull conceit beyond the intent of act,
I know thy loue is vigilant ore my bloud,
And fears ill fate which heauen hath yet withstood,
But be of comfort, sweet Horatio knowes,
I go to knit friends, not to kindle foes.
Hor. true Madam Bellimperia, thats his taske
the phraise he vseth must be gently stylde,
the king hath warned him to be smoth and mild.
Bel. But will you indeed andrea.
and. By this.

Bel.

And By this lip blushing kisse.
Hora. O you sweare sweetly.
Bel. Ile keepe your oth for you tell you returne.
Then Ile be sure you shall not be forsworne.

Enter Pedringano.

And. Yo Pedringano.
Ped. Signior.
And. Are all things abord.
Ped. They are my good Lord.
And. Then Bellimperia. I take leaue: Horatio
Be in my absence my deare selfe, chast selfe,
What playing the woman Bellimperia:
Nay then you loue me not, or at the least,
You drowne my honors in those flowing watters,
Beleeue it Bellimperia, tis as common,
To weepe at parting, as to be a woman,
Loue me more valliant, play not this mayst prize,
Be woman in all partes, saue in thy eies:
And so I leaue thee.
Bel. Farwell my Lord:
Be mindfull of my loue, and of your word.
And. Tis fixed vpon my hart, adeiu soules friend.
Hora. All honor, one Andreas steps attende.
Bel. Yet he is in sight, & yet but now hes vanisht.
Exit Andrea.
Hora. Nay Lady if you stope so much to passion, ile call him back againe.
Bel. O good Horatio, no: it is for honor prethee let him go.
Hora. Then Madam be composd as you weare wont, so musick and delight, the time being Commick, will Seeme short and pleasant, till his returne

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From Portingale: and madam in this circle,
Let your hart moue,
Honord promotion is the sap of loue.

Exit Omnes.

Enter Lorenza and Iazarotto, a discontented Courtier.

lor. Come my soules spaniell, my lifes ietty substance,
Whats thy name?

laz. My names an honest name, a Courtiers Name: tis Iazarotto.

lor. What Iazarotto.

laz. Or rather rotting in this lazy age, that Yeelds me no imployments, I haue mischiefe Within my breast more then my bulke can hold, I want a midwife to deliuer it.

lor. Ile be the hee one then, and rid thee soone Of this dull, leaden, and tormenting elfe: Thou knowst the loue betwixt Bellimperia and Andreas bosome?

laz. I, I do.

lor. How might I trosse, it, my sweet mischiefe: Hunny damnation how?

Io. Well: as many waies as there are paths to hell, And thats enow i faith: from vsurers doore There goes one pathe, from friers that nurse Whores, there goes another path: from brokers Stals, from rich that die and build no hospitals, Two other paths: from farmers that crack barns, With stuffing corne, yet starue the needy swarmes, Another path: from drinking schooles one, from Dicing houses, but from the court, none, none.

lor. Heere is a slaue iust a the stampe, I with;

Whose

Whose suck-soules, blacker then his name,
Though it stand painted with a Rauens quill.
But lazarotto croche, my Sisters loue, and ile
Raine showers o Duckets in thy palme.

laz. Oh Duckets, dainty ducks forgiue me,
Duckets, ile fetch you duck inough or gold,
And chinck males, the punck wanton and the
Bawd to winke.

lor. Discharg, discharg, good lazaratto, how we
May croche my Sisters louing hopes.

laz. Nay: now ile tell you.

lor. Thou knowest Andreas gone embassador.

laz. The better theres oppertunity now left to me.

Enter Ieronimo, and Horatio, and ouer heares their talke.

Alcario the duke Medinas sonne,
Dotes on your Sister Bellimperia,
Vnto her priuate gallery you shall place,
To court her, let his protestations be,
Fashoned with rich Jewels, for in loue, great,
Gifts and gold haue the best tong to moue,
Let him not spare an oth, without a iewell,
To bind it fast: Oh I know womens harts
What stuffe they are made of, my Lord:
Gifts and giuing, will melt the chaest
Seeming emale liuing.

lo. Indeede andrea is but poore, though honorable,
His bounty amongst souldiers shes hum day,
And there ore great gifts may bewitch her eie.

Iero. Heres no fine villainie, no damnd brother?

lo. But ay the should deny his gifts, be all
Compound hate, as my mind giues me,
that she will; what then?

Laz. Then thus: At his returne to Spaine, Ile
Murder don Andrea.
Lo. Darst thou sperit.
Laz. What dares not hée do, that neer hopes
To Inherit.
Hora. Hée dares bée damnd like thée.
Laz. Dare I: Ha, ha, I haue no hope of euerlasting
Height, my souls a Moze you know saluations
White, what dare not I enact then, tush, hée dies;
I will make way to Bellimperias eies.
Lo. To weepe I feare but not to tender loue.
Haz. Why is she not a woman, she must weepe
A while as widdowes vse till their first sléepe
Who in the morrow following will be sould to newe,
Before the first are throughly cold: So
Bellimperia; For this is common, the more
She weepes, the Moze shée plaies the woman.
Lo. Come then, how ere it hap Andrea shal be crost.
Haz. Let mée alone, Ile turne him to a ghoast.
Exit Lorenzo, and lazarotto, and Horatio.

Manet Ieronimo.

Iero. Farwell true brace of villaynes,
Come hether boy Horatio, didst thou here them.
Hora. O my true brested father, my eares haue sukt
In poyson, deadly Poyson, murder Andrea:
O Inhumain practis, had not your reuerend
Yeares beene present heere, I should haue
Ponyarded the villaynes bowels, and shoued his
Soule out to Damnation, Murder Andrea:
Honest lord: Impions villayns.
Iero. I like thy true hart boy, thou louest thy friend;
It is the greatest argument and sign that I begot thée,

For

For it showes thou art mine.

Hora. O father: Tis a charitable deed,
To preuent those that would make vertue bleed.
Ile dispatch letters to don andrea,
Unfould their hellish Practise, damnd intent,
Against the vertuous riuers of his life:
Murder andrea.

Enter Isabella.

Iero. Peace: Who comes heere: newes, newes Isabàlla.

Isa. What newes Ieronimo?

Iero. Strang newes, Lorenzo is becom an honest man.

Isa. Is this your wondrous newes.

Iero. Is not wondrous to haue honesty in hel, go, tell It Abrod now, but see you put no new aditions To it: as thus, shal I tell you gossip: Lorenzo, Is become an honnest man: Beware, beware, For honesty spoken in derision points out knauery. O then take heed, that Jest would not be trim, Hees a great man, therefore we must not knaue him. In gentle soule, Ile not bee long away, As short my body, Short shallbe my stay.

Exit Isabell.

Hora. Murder andrea: What bloud sucking slaue Could choke bright honor in a skabard graue,

Iero. What harping still vpon anadreas death, Haue courage boy: I shall preuent their plots, And make them both stand like two politique sots.

Hora. Lorenzo has a reach as far as hell, To hooke the diuell from his flaming cell: Oh prightly father heele out reech you then, Knaues, longer reaches haue thē honest men.

Iero. But boy feare not, Ile out stretch them al

My minds a giant, though my bulke be small.

Exit omnis.

Enter the king of Portingale Balthezer, Alexandro, Donne Vollupo, and others: a peale of ordenance, within a great shout of people.

King. What is the meaning of this lowd report
alex. An embas. my Lord is new ariued from spaine.
King. Son Balthezer we pray do you goe meet him,
And do him all the honor that belonges him.
Bal. Father my best indeuour shall obay you,
Welcom worthy lord, spaines choyce embassador,
Braue stout, andrea, for soe I gesse thee.

Enter andrea.

and. Portugalles eire I thanke thee,
Thou semes no les then what thou arte, a prince:
And an heroycke spirit, Portingalles king,
I kisse my hand, and tender on thy throne,
My masters loue, peace, and affection.
King. And we receue them, and thee worthy andrea,
Thy masters hy prized loue vnto our hart,
Is welcome to his friend thou to our court.
and. Thankes Portingall: My lordes I had in charge,
At my depart from spaine this embassage,
To put your brest in mind of tribute due
Vnto our masters kingdome, these three years
Detained and kept back: and I sent to know,
Whether neglect, or will detaines it so.
King. Thus much returne vnto thy king andrea,
We haue w̄ best aduise thought of our state,
And finde it much dishonord by base homage,
I not deny but tribute hath bin due to Spaine,

By

By our forfathers base captiuitie,
Yet cannot raise out there successors merit:
Tis sayd we shall not answer at nert birth
Our fathers sawles, in heauen, why then one earth:
Which proues and showes that which they lost
by base Captiuitie,
We may redeeme with honored valiansie,
We borow nought, our kingdome is our owne,
Hee is a base king that payes rent for his throne.
And. Is this thy answer Portingalle;
Bal. I spaine, a royal answer to, which Ile maintaine.
Omnes. And all the peeres of Portugalle the like.
And. Then thus all spaine which but three minites,
agoe was thy full friend, is now returned thy foe.
Bal. An excellent foe, we shall haue scuffling good.
And. Thou shalt pay trybute Portugalle with blood.
Bal. Trybute for trybute then: And foes, for foes.
And. I bid you sudden warres.
Bal. I sudden blowes, and thats as good as warres.
Don, Ile not bate,
An inch of courrage nor a haire of state,
Pay trybute I with strockes.
And. I with strockes you shall
Allas that spaine should correct Portugal.
Bal. Correct: O in that one word, such torments do,
I feele that I could lash thy ribes with valiant steele.
and. Prince Balthezer, shalles meete?
Bal. Meete don Andrea, yes in the battles Bowels:
Heres my gage ancuer sayling pawne.
twill keepe his day his houre, nay minute: Twill.
and. Then thine, and this posses one qualitie.
Bal. O let them kis, did I not understand thee noble
Valliant, and worthy my swordes societie with thee,
For all Spaines wealth, Ide not grape hands,

mete

Meet Don andrea, I tell thee noble spirit,
Ide wade vp to the knees in bloud,
Ide make a bridge of spanish carkases
to single thee, out of the gasping armye.
and. Wot thou prince: why euen for that I loue.
Bal. Tut, loue me man when we haue drunke,
Hot bloud together, woundes will tie
an euerlasting setled amity.
And so shall thine.
and. And thine.
Bal. What giue no place?
and. to whome.
Bal. to me.
and. To thee: why should my face,
thats placed aboue my mind,
Fall vnder it.
Bal. Ile make thee yeeld,
and. I when you get me downe,
But I stand euen yet, iump crowne to crowne.
Bal. Darst thou?
and. I dare.
Bal. I am all vert.
And. I care not.
Bal. I shall forget the Law.
And Do, do.
Bal. Shall I?
And. Spare not?
Bal. But thou wilt yeeld first.
and. No.
Bal. O, I hug thee for,
the valiantst spirit ere trod the Spanish courte,
Heere let the rising of our hot bloud set.
alex. My leedge two nobler spyrits neuer met.
Bal. Vntill we meet in purple, when our swords,

Shall

and. Agreed, right valliant prince:
Then Portugale this is thy resolute answere.
King. So returne: its so, we haue bethought vs what
Tribute is, how proze that Monarch shoes,
Who for his throne a yeerely pension owes:
And what our predesessors lost to spaine,
We haue fresh sperits that can renew it againe.
and. Then I vnclaspe the purple leaues of war,
Many a new wound must gaspe, through an old scar:
So Portugale I leaue thee.
King. Our selfe in person will see thee safe aboard:
Come son, come Lords,
In steade of tribute we must pay our swords.
Bal. Remember Don andrea that we meet.
and. Vp hether sayling in a crimson fleete.

Exit Omnes.

Enter lorenza and alcario.

lo. Do you affect my Sister.
alca. Affect, aboue affection: for her breast,
Is my liues treasure, D entire
Is the condition of my hot desire.
lo. Then this must be your plot,
You know andreas gone embassador,
On whom my Sister Bellimperia,
Casts hir affection: you are in stature like him,
Speech alike, and had you but his vestment
On your backe, thers no one liuing but would
Sweare twere he: therefore, fly policy must
Be your guide, I haue a suite iust
Of andreas, cullers, proportiond in all parts,
May twas his own: this suit within my closet,
Shall you weare, and so disguisd woe, sue, and

When

Then at last.

alca. What.

Lor. Obtaine my loue.

alca. This fals out rare,
In this disguise I may both wed, bed, and bord her.

lor. You may you may: besids, within these few daies
Yéele returne.

alca. Till this be acted I in passion burne.

lor. All fals out for the purpose, all hits iumpe;
The date of his embassage nighe expired,
Giues strength vnto our plot.

alca. True, true, all to the purpose.

lor. Moreouer, I will buze Andreas Landing;
which once but crept into the vulger mouthes,
Is hurryed heer, and there, and sworne for troth,
Thinke tis your loue makes me create this guise,
And willing hope to see your vertue rise.

alca. Lorenzoes bounty I do more enfould,
Then the greatest mind of indians brightest gold.

lo. Come let vs in, the next time you shall show,
All Don andrea, not alcario.

Exit Omnes.

Enter Ieronimo trussing of his points, Horatio with pen and incke.

Iero. Come pull the table this way, so tis well:
Come write horatio write,
This speedy letter must away to night.

horatio foulds the paper the contrary way.

What fold paper that way, to a noble man,
to Don andrea Spaines embassador?
Fie I am a shamed to see it,
Hast thou worne gownes in the Vniuersity,
Lost logick, suckt Philosophy,

Eate

Eate Cues, drunke Cees, and cannot
giue A letter the right Courtiers creſt:
Oh thers a kind of ſtate,
In euery thing ſaue in a Cuckolds pate,
Fie, fie, horatio, what is your pen foule.
ho. No Father cleaner then lorenzoes ſoule,
Thats dipt in inck made of an enuious gall,
Elce had my pen no cauſe to write at all.
Ier. Signeor andrea ſay.
ho. Signeor andrea.
Ier. tis a villainus age this.
hor. tis a villainus age this.
Ier. That a nobleman ſhould be a knaue, as
Well as an Oſtler.
ho. That a nobleman ſhould be a knaue, as
Well as an Oſtler.
Ier. Or a ſeriant.
ho. Or a ſeriant.
Ier. Or a Broker.
ho. Or a Broker.
Ier. Yet I ſpeake not this of lorenzo,
For hees an honeſt Lord.
ho. Not, Father ile not write him honeſt Lord.
Ier. take vp thy pen, or ile take vp thee.
Ho. What right him honeſt Lord ile not agree.
Ier. Youle take it vp Sir.
Ho. well, well.
Ier. what went before, thou haſt put me out; beſhrow
thy impudence or inſolence.
Ho. Lorenzoes an honeſt Lord.
Ier. well Sir, and has hired one to murder you.
ho. Oh, I cry you mercy Father, ment you ſo.
Ier. Art thou a ſcholler Don horatio?
And canſt not aime at Figuratiue ſpeech.

Hor. I pray you pardon me, twas but youthes
Hasty error.
Ier. Come read then?
Hor. And has hired one to murder you.
Ier. Ye meanes to send you to heauen, when
You returne from Portugale.
Ho. From portugale.
Ier. Yet hees an honest dukes son.
Ho. Yet hees an
Ier. But not the honest son of a Duke.
Ho. But not the honest.
Ier. O that villainy should be found in the great
Chamber.
Ho. O that villainy.
Ier. And honestly in the bottome of a seller.
Ho. And honestly.
Ier. If youle be murdered you may?
Ho. If youle be
Ier. If you be not, thanke God, and Ieronimo.
Ho. If you be not.
Ier. If you be, thank the diuell and lorenzo.
Ho. If you be thank.
Ier. Thus hoping you will not be murdred and you
Can chose.
Ho. Thus hoping you will.
Ier. Especially being warned before hand.
Ho. Especially
I take my leaue boy, Horatio, louite leaue,
Bending in the hams like an old Courtier,
Thy assured friend say, gainst lorenzo and
The diuell, little Ieronimo Marshall.
ho. Ieronimo Marshall.
Ier. So now read it ore.
ho. Signeor andrea tis a villainus age this,

That

That a Nobleman should be a knaue, as well
As an Oſtler: or a Seriant, or a broker, yet
I ſpeake not this of Lorenzo: hées an
Honeſt Lord, and has hired one to murder you,
When you returne from Portugale, yet
Hées an honeſt Dukes ſonne, but not the
Honeſt ſon of a Duke; O that villainy
Should be found in the great chamber, and honeſty
In the bottome of a ſeller.

Iero. True boy: thers a morrall in that, as much
To ſay knauery in the Court and honeſty in a
Théeues house.

Ho. If youle be murdred you may: if you be
Not thanke God and Ieronimo: if you be,
Thanke the diuell & Lorenzo. Thus hoping
You will not be murdered, and you can chooſe,
Eſpecially being warnd before hand, I take my leaue.

Ier. Horatio haſt thou written leaue bending in the
Hams: enough like a Gentleman vſher. Sfoote
No Horatio, thou haſt made him ſtraddle to much,
Like a Frenchman, for ſhame put his legs cloſer
Though it be painefull.

Ho: So: tis done, tis done.
Thy allured friend gainſt Lorenza, and the diuell,
Little Ieronimo, Marſhall.

Enter Lorenzo, and Iſabella.

Iſa. Yonder he is my Lord pray you ſpeake to him.

Iero. War, war Horatio: I had néede war two,
Our foes will ſtride elſe ouer me and you:

Iſa. Hées writing a loue letter to ſome Spaniſh Lady,
And now he calls for war to ſeale it.

Ior. God ſaue you good knight Marſhall.

Ie. Whoſe this, my Lord Lorenzo: welcom, welcom,
Your the laſt man I thought on, ſaue the diuell.

Ior.

Much doth your presence grace our homely roofe.
Lor. O Ieronimo, your wife condemns you of a vncur-
And ouer passing wrong, and more she names (teste,
Loue letters which you send to spanish Dames.
Ier. Do you accuse me so kind Isabella.
Isa. Vnkind Ieronimo.
Lor. And for my instance this in your hand is one.
Ier. In sooth my Lord there is no written name
Of any Lady, then no spanish dame.
Lor. If it were not so, you would not be afeard
To read or shew the wart letter:
Pray you let me behold it.
Ier. I pray you pardon me.
I must confes my Lord, it treats of loue,
Loue to andrea, I euen to his very bosome.
Lor. What newes my Lord heare you from portugale.
Ier. Who I, before your grace it must not be,
The Badger feeds not till the Lyons serued,
Nor fits it newes so some kisse subiects,
As the faire cheeke of high authority:
Ieronimo liues much absent from the Court,
And being absent, there liues from report.
Lor. Farwell Ieronimo.

Exit lorenzo and Isabella.

Isa. welcome my Lord Lorenzo.
Ier. Boy thy mothers iealious of my loue to her,
Hor. O she plaid vs a wise part, now ten to one
Ye had not ouer heard the letter read, iust as he enterd.
Ier. Though it had happend euill,
Ye should haue hard his name yokt with the diuell,
Heere seale the letter with a louing knot,
Send it with speede, Horatio linger not:
That Don andrea, may preuent his death,
And know his enemy by his enuious breath.

Exit Omnes. Enter

Enter Lorenzo, and Alcario, disguisd like Andrea.

lor. Now by the honor of Castils true house,
You are as like andrea, part for part,
as he is like himselfe: did I know you,
By my crosse I sweare: I could not think you
But Andreas selfe, so legd, so facst, so
Spæcht, so all in all: methinks, I should salute
Your quick returne and spædy hast from portugale,
Welcome saire Lord, worthy embassador,
Braue Don andrea; Oh I laugh to sée
How we shall iest at her mistaking thée.
alca. What haue you giuen it out andrea is returnd?
lo. Tis all about the court in euery eare,
And my inuention, brought to me for newes,
Last night at supper, and which the more to couer,
I toke a boule and quaft a health to him,
When it would scarse go downe for erstreame laughter,
to thinke how swne report had scattered it.
alca. But is the villaine Lazarotto acquainted with
Our drift.
lo. Not for Spains wealth,
though he besecret, yet suspects the worst,
For confidence confounds the stratagem,
the fewer in a plot o' iealousie,
Build a foundation surest, when multitudes
Makes it confused ere it come to head,
Be secret then, trust not the open aire,
For aire is breath, and breath blown words raise eare:
this is the gallery where she most frequents,
Within this walke haue I beheld her dally,
With my shapes substance, O immortall powers.

Lend

Lend your assistance, clap a siluer tongue within
This pallat, that when I approach,
Within the presence of this demy Goddesse,
I may posses an adamanticke power,
And so bewitch her with my honied speech,
Haue euery sillable a musick stop,
that when I pause the mellody may moue,
And hem perswasion twæne her snowy paps
that her hart hearing may relent and yeeld.
Ior. Breake of my Lord, see where she makes approch.

Enter Bellimperia.

Alc. then fall into your former vaines of termes:
Ior. Welcome my Lord, welcome braue Don
Andrea, Spaines best of sperit: what newes,
From Portugale tribute or war,
But see my Sister Bellimperia comes,
I will defer it till some other time,
For company hinders louos conference.

Exit Iorenzo.

Bel. Welcom my lifes selfe forme, deere Don Andrea,
Alca. My words iterated giues thee as much,
Welcome my selfe, of selfe.
Bel. What newes Andrea? treats it peace or war?
Alca. At first they cried all war, as men resolued
to lose both life and honor at one cast:
At which I thundred words all clad in prose,
Which stroke amazement to their pauled speeche,
And tribute presently was yeelded vp.
But madam Bellimperia leaue we this,
And talke of former suites and quests of loue.

They whisper. Enter Iazarotto.

Iaz.

Iaz. tis all about the Court Andreas come;
Would I might greete him and I wonder much
My Lord Lorenzo is so slack in murder,
Not to afford me notice all this while.
Gold I am true I had my hier,
And thou shalt haue thy due:
Wast possible to misse him so, soft, soft,
this gallery leads to Bellimperias lodging,
there he is sure, or will be sure. Ile stay;
the euening to begins to slubber dark,
Sweet opportunefull season heere ile leane,
Like a court hound that liks fat trenchers cleane.
Bel. But has the king pertooke your embassy.
Alca. that till to morrow shall be now deferd.
Bel. Nay then you loue me not,
Let that be first dispatcht,
She kisses him Exit Bellimperia.
till when receiue this token.
Alca. I to the king with this vnfaithfull hart,
It must not be, I play to false a part.
Iaz. Vp Iazarotto, yonder comes thy prize,
Now liues Andrea, now Andrea dies.
Iazarotto kils him.
Alca. that villaine Iazarotto has kild me
In stead of andrea.

Enter andrea, and Rogero, and other

Roge. Welcome home Lord embassador.
Alca. Oh, oh, oh. (this,
and. Whose grone was that, what sight vill villaines
His sword vnsheathed, whom hast thou murdred slaue?
Iaz. Why Don, Don andrea?

And. No counterfetting villaine,
Ye ses my Lord that he hath murdered me.
Laz. I Don Andrea, or else Don the deuill.
And. Lay hands one him, some reare vp the bleeding
Body to the light.
Roge. My Lord I think tis you, were you not heere
A man might sweare twere you.
And. His garments ha like mine, his face made like:
An omynous horror, all my vaines doth strike,
Sure this pretends my death, this misery
Aymes at some fatall pointed tragedy.

Enter Ieronimo and Horatio.

Ier. Son Horatio see Andrea slaine.
Hor. andrea slaine, then weapon clyng my brest.
and. Liue truest friend for euer loued and blest.
Ho. Liues Don andrea.
and. I but slaine in thought,
To see so strang a likenes forged and wrought,
Lords cannot you yet discry
Who is the owner, of this red melting body.
Roge. My Lord it is alcario Duke Medinas son,
I know him by this mould vpon his brest.
Laz. alcario slaine, hast thou beguild me sword?
Arme hast thou slaine thy bountifull kind lord,
Why then rot off, and drop vpon the ground,
Strew all the galleries with gobbits round.

Enter Lorenze.

Lo. Who names Alcario slaine, it is Alcario,
O cursed deed, couldst thou not see,
But make the wrong man bleed. (word.
Laz. Sfoot twas your fault my lord, you brought noe

Lor.

Ior. Peace, no words, ile get thy pardon.
Why mum then.

Enter Bellimperia.

Bel. Who names Andrea slaine, O tis andrea,
O I sound I die.
Ior. Loke to my Sister Bellimperia.
and. Raise vp my deere loue Bellimperia;
O be of comfort sweet; call in thy spirits;
Andrea liues O let not death beguile thee.
Bal. Are you Andrea.
and. Doe not forget; that was alcario,
My shapes counterfet.
Ior. Why speaks not this accursed damned villaine.
Iaz. O good words my Lords, for those are courtiers
The king must heare why should I make (vailes;
Two tailes, for to be found in two,
Before the king I will resolue you all,
This strange strang thing, I hot, yet mist,
Twas I mistoke my part.
Hor. I villaine; for thou aymst at this true hart.
Ier. Horatio twas well as fortune stands,
This letter came not to Andreas hands.
Hor. Twas happines indeed.
Bel. Was it not you Andrea questioned me bout loue?
And. No Bellimperia, belike twas false Andrea,
For the first obiect mine eies met,
Was that most accurst
witch, I much feare me by all signes pretend
Most doubtfull wars and dangerous pointed ends
To light vpon my bloud.
Bel. Angels of heauen forefend it.
And. Some take vp the bodie, others take charg
Of that accursed villaine.
Ior. My Lord leaue that to me; ile loke to him.

Ier, Mark, mark, Horatio: a villaine guard a villain.
and. The king may thinke my newes is a bad guest,
When the first object is a bleeding brest.

Exit Omnes.

Enter King of Spaine, Castile, Medina, Rogero, and others, a dead march within.

King. My Lords, what heauy sounds are these?
Nearer, and nearer, ha andrea the fore-runner
Of these newes, nay then I feare spaines
Ineuitable ill.
Ha andrea speake, what newes from Portugale?
What is tribute paid: peace, or warre.
and. Warre my dread leadge.
king. Why then that bleeding obiect
doth presage what shall hereafter follow:
Whats he that lies there slaine, or hurt,
Or both: speake?
and. My leadge, alcario Duke medinas son,
And by that slaue this purple act was done.
medi. Who names Alcario slaine: aie me tis he;
Art thou that villaine.
laz. How diost know my name:
I see an excellent villaine hath his fame
As well as a great courtier. sed deed.
medi. Speake villain, wherefore diost thou this accur-
laz. Because I was an asse, a villainus asse,
For had I hot it right, Andrea had line there:
He walkt vpright, this ominus mistake,
This damned error breeds in my soule
An euerlasting terror.
King. Say slaue, how came this accursed euill?
laz. Faith by my seruice, my short sword, and the deuill,

To

To tell you all without a tedious long,
Ile cut them downe, my words shall not hang.
That hapless bleeding Lord Alcario,
Which this hand slew, poynt, was a huge dotar
On Bellimperias beautye who replide in scorne
And his hot suite denide:
For her affections were all firmly planted,
In Don Andreas bosome, yet vnwise,
He still pursued it with blind lovers eies:
Then hired he me with gold: O fate thou else,
To kill Andrea which hire kild himselfe.
For not content to slay the time of murder,
He tooke Andreas shape vnknowne to me,
And in all parts disguised as there you see,
Intending as it seemed by that sly shift,
To steale away her troth: short tale to tell,
I tooke him for Andrea, downe he fell.

king. O impious deede, to make the heire of honor
Pelt and bleede, beare him away to execution.

Iaz. Nay Lord Lorenzo, whers the pardon?
Shot ile peach else.

Ior, Peace Lazarotto, ile get it of the king.

Iaz. Doot quickly then or ile spred villainy.

Ior. My Lord he is the most notorious rogue
That euer breathd.

In his eare.

king. Away with him.

Ior. Your highnes may doe well to barre his speech,
Tis able to infect a vertuous eare.

king. Away with him I will not heare him speake

Iaz. My Lord Lorenzo is a

They stop his mouth and beare him in.

Iero. Is not this a monstrous courtier.

Hora. Ye is the court tode father,

King. Trybute denide vs ha!
And. It is my lædge, and that with no meane wordes;
Ye will redæme his honor lost with swordes.
King. So daring: Ha, so Peremptory?
Can you remember the words he spake?
And. Word for word my gratious soueraine,
And thes they were: Thus much returne to Spaine,
Say: That our setled Iudgment hath aduisd vs,
What tribute is, how pore that Monarch shewes,
Who for his throne a yearely pension owes,
And what our predecesors lost to Spaine,
We haue fresh spirites that can renew it againe.
King. Ha soe peremptory, daring, stout.
and. Then my lædge, acording your gratious dread,
Comand,
I bad defiance with, a vengfull hand.
Spai. Ye intertained it.
and. I and returned it with menasing browes,
Prince Baltheser his son,
Grew violent and wished the fight begune.

Enter Iorenzo.

Ior. So, so, I haue sent my slaue to hell:
Tho he blab there, the diueles will not tell.

a Tucket within.

Spa. How now, what means this trumpets sound?
Yr lædge, the Portugalles.

Enter a Messenger.

mess. Are vp in armes glittring in steel.
Spa. Wheres our lord generall, Iorenzo, stout andrea,
With whome I ranck spritely Horatio.

what

what for shame, shall the Portugalles
Trample the fields before you.

Gene. No my lædge, thers time enough
To let out blood enough, tribute shall flow,
Out of their bowels, and be tendered so.

Spai. Farwell brane Lords, my wishes are bequeathd:
A nobler ranke of spirits never breathd.

Exit king and Nobles.

Iero. O my sweet boy, heauen shield thee still from care,
O be as fortunate as thée art faire.

Hor. And heauen blesse you my father in this fight,
that I may sée your Gray head crownd in white.

Exit Omnes.

Enter Andrea, and Bellimperia.

Bel. You came but now, must you part agen.
You told me that your spirit
Should put on peace but sée war followes war.

and. May sweet loue cease,
to be denids our honor why tiwere base,
to breath and liue, and wars in such a case,
Is euen as necessary as our blood,
Swordes are in season then, when rightes withstood,
Deny vs tribute, that so many yéeres,
We haue in peace told out,
Why it would raise splœne in the host
Of Angels: twere enough
to make tranquile saints of angry stuffe.

Bel. You haue ore wrought the chiding of my brest,
And by that argument, you firmly proue
Honor to sore aboue the pitch of loue.

Lend

Lend me thy louing and thy warlicke arme,
On which I knit this ſofte and ſilken charme,
Tyed with an amorous knot, O may it proue
Inchaunted armour, being charmed by loue,
That when it mounts vp to thy warlick creſt,
It may put by the ſword, and ſo be bleſt.
And. O what deuinity proceeds from loue?
What happier fortune then my ſelfe can moue,
Harke, the drum beckens me; ſweet deere farwell,
This ſcarfe ſhall be my charme, gainſt foes and hell.
Bel. O let me kiſſe thée firſt.
And. The drum agen.
Bel. Hath that more power then I?
And. Doot quickly then: farwell.

Exit Andrea.

Bel. Farwell O cruell part,
andreas boſome bears away my hart.

Exit Bellimperia.

Enter Balthezer, alexandro, Vallupo, Don Pedro, with ſoldiers, drum and coullers.

Bal. Come valliant ſperits you Péeres of Portugale,
That owe yout liues, your faiths, and ſeruices,
To ſet you frée from baſe captiuity:
O let our fathers ſcandall nere be ſéene,
As a baſe bluſh vpon our frée borne cheéks,
Let all the tribute that proud Spaine receaud,
Of thoſe all captiue Portugales deceaſed,
Turne into chaſe, and choke their inſolence:
Methinks no, moyetie not one little thought,
Of them whoſe ſeruile acts liue in their graues.
But ſhould raiſe ſpléens big as a cannon bullet,
Within your boſomes: O for honor,
Your countries reputation, your liues frédome,

Indéede

Indeed your all, that may be termed reueng,
Now let your blouds be liberall as the sea:
And all those wounds that you receiue of Spaine,
Let thers be equall to quit yours againe.
Speake portugales: are you resolued as I,
to line like captiues, or as free borne die?

Vol. Prince Balthezer as you say, so say we,
to die with honor, scorne captiuity.

Cal. Why spoke like true Portugales indeed:
I am assured of your forwardnes:
Now Spaine sit firme, ile make thy towers shake,
And all that gold thou hadst from Portugale,
which makes thy court melt in Luxuriousnes,
I vow to haue it treble at thy hands:
Hark Portugales: I heare their spanish drum;
March on and meet them: this must be the day,
that all they haue receaued, they back must pay.

The Portugales march about.

Enter Ieronimo, Andrea, Horatio, lorenzo, lord Generall, Rogero, and attendants with drum and Coullers.

Iero. What are you brauing vs before we come?
wele be as shrill as you: strike a larum drum.

They sound a florish a both sides.

Bal. Thou ynch of Spaine,
Thou man from thy hose downe ward,
Scarse so much: thou very little longer then
Thy beard: speake not such big words,
Thaile throw thee downe little Ieronimo,
words greater then thy selfe, it must not.

Iero. And thou long thing of Portugale, why not
Thou, that art full as tall
As an English gallows: yper beam and all:

Deuourer of apparell thou huge ſwallower,
My hoſe will ſcarſe make thee a ſtanding coller,
What? Haue I almoſt quited you?
and. Haue done impatiant Marſhall.
bal. Spaniſh combatants, what do you ſet a little
Pygmie Marſhall to queſtion with a Prince?
and. No prince Balthezer, I haue deſired him peace,
That we might war: What is the tribute,
Mony tendred yet?
bal. Trybute ha, ha, what elles where for mete our
Drums but to tender and receiue the ſomes,
Of many a bleeding hart which eare Sunne fall,
Shall pay deare trybute, euen there liues and all.
and. Prince balthezer, I know your valiant ſperit,
I know your curage to be trid and good,
Yet, O prince, be not confirmed in blud;
Not that I talk of feare or cowerdyſe,
But of religion pietye, and loue,
To many boſomes, that yet firmely moue,
Without diſturbed ſpleenes: O in thy hart,
Waigh the deere dropes of many a purple part,
That muſt be acted on the feeldes greene ſtage,
Before the euening deawes quench the ſonnes rage;
Let trybute be apeaſed and ſo ſtayed,
And let not wonted fealty be denied,
To our deſart full kingdome: portugales,
Keepe your forfathers Othes; that vertue craues,
Let them not ly forſworne now in their graues,
To make their aſhes periorde, and vniuſt,
For heauen can be reuenged on their duſt;
They ſwore to Spaine both for themſelues and you,
And will poſterity proue their fires vntrue?
This ſhould not be mong men of vertuous ſprit,
Pay trybute thou, and receiue peace and wit.

bal.

Bal. O vertuous coward!
Ho. O ignoble spirit!
To terme him coward for his vertuous merit!
And. Coward, nay then: relentles rib of steele,
What vertue cannot, thou shalt make him feele.
Lor. Proud Alexandro thou art mine?
Alex. Agreed.
roge. And thou Vallupo mine?
Vul. Ile make thee bleed.
Ho. And thou Don Pedro mine? once.
Don Ped. I care not whose, or thine, or thine, or all at
Bal. I bind thee Don Andrea, by thy honor, thy valian-
And all that thou holdst great, sie,
To meete me single in the battailes heat;
Where ile set downe, in Caracters vpon thy flesh,
Foure precious lines, spoke by our fathers mouth
When first thou camst embassador: these they are:
Tis said we shall not answere at next birth
Our Fathers faults in heauen, why then on earth,
Which proues and showes, that what they
Lost by base Captiuity,
We may redeeme with wonted Valliantie.
And to this crimson end our Coullers pred
Our courage are new borne our vallors bred:
Therefore Andrea as thou tenderst fame,
Mars reputation, and a Souldiers name. meete me.
and. I will.
Bal. Single me out.
and. I shall.
alex. Do you the like.
Lor. And you.
All and we.
and. Can we be foes, and all so well agreed?
Bal. Why man in war thers bleeding amity,

And he this day giues me the deepest wound,
Ile call him brother.
and. The prince call me so;
To gaine that name ile giue the deepest blowe.
Iero. Nay then if brother-hood by strokes come dewe,
I hope boy thou wilt gaine a brother tw.
Ho. Father I doubt it not.
and. Lord Generall, breath like your name,
A Generall defiance gainst portugale.
Gen. Defiance to the Portugales.
Bal. the like breath our Lord General gainst the spani-ards
Gene. Defiance to the Spaniards.
and. Now cease words,
I long to heare the musick of clashed swords,
Bal. why thou shalt heare it presently:
They offer to fight.
and. Quickly then.
Bal. Why now.
Gene. O stay my Lords,
This will but breede a muteny in the campe.
Bal. I am all fire, andrea.
and. Art thou, good:
Why then ile quench thée prince, with thyn own bloud.
Bal. Adew. Exit Balthezer.
And. Adew.
Bal. Lets méete.
And. Tis méete we did. Exit Portugales.
Io. Alexandro.
Alex. Iorenzo.
Roge. Vollupo.
Vol. Rogero.
Hora. Don Pedro.
Don Pedro. Horatio.
Iero. I, I, Don Pedro my boy shall méete thée,

Come,

Come valliant spirits of Spaine,;
Valliant Andrea, fortunate Iorenzo, worthy Rogero,
Sprighty Horatio, O let me dwell a little on that name,
Be all as fortunate as heauens blest host;.
But blame me not, ide haue Horatio most,:
Ride all Conquerours when the fight is done,
Especially ride thæ home so my son:
So, now kisse and imbrace, come, come,:
I am wars tuter, strike a larum drum.

Exit Omnes.

After a long alarum, the Portugales and Spaniards meete, The Portugales are put to the worst. Enter Ieronimo Solus.

Ier. O valiant boy, strooke with a Giants arme,!
His sword so fals vpon the Portugales,
As if he would slise them out like Drenges,
And squéese their blouds out: O aboundant ioy,
Neuer had father a more happier boy.

Exit Ieronimo.

Enter Balthezer, and a Souldier.

Bal. Can you not finde Don andrea forth,?
O for a voise shriller then all the trumpets,
To prince Andreas ears through the hot army,
Go search agen, bring him or neare returne.

Exit souldier.

Valliant Andrea, by thy worthy bloud,
Thy honored faith, which thou pawnst to mine,
By all that thou holdst deere vpon this earth,
Sweat now to find me in the fight of bloud,:
Now death doth heap his gods vp all at once,
And crams his store house to the top with bloud,

Night

Might I now and andrea in one fight,
Make vp thy wardrope Richer by a knight.
Bal. Whose that, andrea?

Enter rogero.

roge. Ha, Vallupo.
Bal. No, but a better,
roge. Por ont.
Bal. Pies ont, what luck is this, but Sir
You part not, so, what ere you be, ile haue
About with you:
roge. Content: this is ioy mixed with spight,
To misse a Lord and méete a prince in fight.
Bal. Come méete me Sir.
roge. Just halfe way, ile méete it with my sword.

They fight, Balthezer beats in rogero. Enter andrea with a Captaine.

and. Where might I find this vallorus balthezer,
This fierce, courageous Prince, a noble, worthy,
Made of the ribs of mars and fortitude,
He promised to méete faire, and single me
Out a the mistie battaile: did you search
The least wing for him? speake:
Cap. We did my Lord.
and. And could he not be found.
cap. Not in that wing my Lord.
and. Why this would vex the resolution
Of a suffering spleene: Prince Balthezer,
Portugals valliant heire,
The glory of our foe, the hart of courage,
The very soule of true nobility:

I call thee by thy right name, answere me:
Go Captaine passe the least wing squadron; hie;
Mingle your selfe againe amidst the army;
Pray sweat to find him out.

Exit Captaine.

This place ile keepe:
Now wounds are wide, and blood is very deepe,
Tis now about the heauy dread of battaile,
Souldiers drop downe as thick as if death mowed them;
As sithmen trim the long haird Russian fields,
So fast they fall: so fast to fate life yeelds.

Enter Balthezer.

bal. I haue sweat much, yet cannot find him andrea.
and. Prince Balthezer: O lucky minute!
bal. O long wished for houre!
Are you remembred Don, of a daring message
And a proud attempt, you braued me Don
Within my Fathers court.
and. I think I did.
bal. this sword shall lash you for it.
and. Alas, war knows I am to proud a scholler grown,
Now to be lashed with steele had I not knowne
My strength, and courage it had bin easie then,
to haue me borne vpon the backs of men;
But now I am sorry Prince you come to late,
that weare proud steele y faith that should do that.
bal. I can hold no longer:
Come, come lets see which of our strengths is stronger.
and. Mine for a wager.
bal. thine: what wager, say.
and. I hold three wounds to one.
bal. Content, a lay; but you shall keepe stakes then.
and. May ile trust you.

For

and. For your a prince, I know youle pay your dew.
Bal. Ile pay it you soundly.
and. Prince you might haue paid
Tribute as well, then battailes had bin staid.
Bal. Yeers tribute for you.
and. Ile receaue it of you,
And giue you acquittance with a wound or two.

They fight, Balthezer hath andrea downe. Enter Ieronimo and Horatio, Horatio beats away Balthezer.

and. Thou art a wondrous friend, a happy sperit,
I owe thee now my life, couldst thou inherit,
Within my bosome, all I haue is thine,
For by this act I hold thy arme deuine.
Hor. Are you not wounded: let me search and see:
and. No my deere selfe, for I was blest by thee,
Else his bnpiting sword had cleft my hart,
Had not Horatio plaid some Angels part.
Come happy mortall, let me ranke by thee,
Then am I sure no star will threaten me.
Hor. Lets to the battaile once more, we may meete.
This haughtie prince, and wound him at our feete.

Exit Omnes.

Enter Rogero and alexandro in their shirts with Pollaxes.

Roge. art thou true valliant: hast thou no
Cote of proofe girt to thy loines:
art thou true loyall:
alex. Why looke: witnes the naked truth,
Upon my breast, come lets meete

Lets

Lets meete and breake our haughty sculs
Downe to our feete.

They fight alexandro beats in Rogero.

Enter Lorenzo and Don Pedro at one dore, and alexandro and Rogero at another dore, lorenzo kils Don Pedro, and alexandro kils Rogero. Enter at one doose andrea, at another doore Balthezer.

and. O me, ill stead, valliant rogero slaine.
bal. O my sad fates, Don Pedro weltring in his goze.
O could I meete andrea, now my blouds a tiptoe.
This hand and swoꝛd should melt him:
Valliant Don Pedro.
and. Woꝛthy rogero, sure twas multitudes
That made thee stoope to death,
One Poꝛtugale could neare oꝛewhelme thee
In such crim on streames,
And no meane bloud shall quit it,
balthezer pꝛince balthezer.
bal. andrea, we meete in bloud now.
and. I, in valliant bloud, o Don rogeroes shedding;
And each dꝛop is woꝛth a thousand Poꝛtugales.
bal. Ile top thy head oꝛ that ambitious woꝛd.
and. You cannot pꝛince, I see a reueng full swoꝛd
Waues oꝛe my head.
bal. Another ouer mine
Let them both meete in crim on tinctures shine.

They fight, and andrea hath balthezer downe.
Enter Portugales and releeue balthezer and kil andrea.

and. O I am slaine, helpe me Hoꝛatio,

My foes are base, and slay me cowardly,
Farwell deere, dearest Bellimperia,
Yet heerein ioy is mingled with sad death,
I keepe her fauer longer then my breath.

He dies.

Sound Alarum Andrea slain and Prince Balthezer vanting on him. Enter Ieronimo, Horatio and Lord Generall.

Hora. My other soule, my bosome, my harts friend,
My D Andrea slaine, ile haue the price
Of him in princely bloud; Prince Balthezer
My sword shall strike true straines,
And etch Andreas ransome fourth thy vaines,
Lord Generall driue them hence while I make war?
Bal. Hath war made thee so impudent and young,
My sword shall giue correction to thy tong.
Iero. Correct thy rascals Prince, thou correct him,
Lug with him boy, honors in bloud best swim.

They fight and breath afresh.

Bal. So young and valerous this arme neare met,
So strong a courage of so geene a set.
Ho. If thou best valliant cease these idle words,
And let reuenge hang on our glittering swords,
With this proud prince the haughty Balthezar.

Horatio has prince Balthezer downe, then Enter Iorenzo and seizes his weapon.

Ho. Hand of Iorenzo touch not my prisoner.
Io. Hes my prisoner,
I seizd his weapons first.
Ho. O base renowne, tis easie to seize those,
Were ofst laid downe.

Ior:

lor. My lance first threw him from his
Warlicke steede.
Ier. Thy Lance lorenzo? now by my beard you lie:
Ho. Well my Lord to you a while I tender my
Whole prisoner.
lor. Horatio, you tender me part of mine owne you kno.
ho. Well peace, with my blood di pence
Untill my leedge shall end the difference.
Ier. lorenzo, thou dost boast o base renowne,
Why I could whip al these, were there hose downe.
ho. Speake prince to whether dost thou yeeld:
Bal. The vanquisht yeilds to both, to you first
ho. O abiect prince, what dost thou yeild to two:
Ier: Content thee boy, thou shalt sustaine no wrong,
Ile to the king before, and let him know,
The sum of victory, and his ouerthrow. Exit Ieronimo.
lor. Andrea slaine, thanks to the stars aboue,
Ile choose my Sister out her second loue.
Exi lorenzo and Balthezer.
ho. Come noble rib of honor, valliant carcasse,
I loued thee so entirely when thou breathest,
That I could die wert but to bleed with thee,
And with me wounds, euen for society.
Heauen and this arme, once saued thee from thy foe,
When his all wrathfull word did barely point
At the rich circle of thy labouring hart,
Thou groueling vnder indignation,
O sword and ruth, O then slept heauen and I,
Betweene the stroke, but now alack must die:
Since so the powers aboue haue writ it downe,
In marble leaues that death is mortall crowne;
Come then my friend in purple I will beare,
Thee to my priuate tent, and then prepare,
For honord Funerall for thy melting course.

He takes his scarfe and ties it about his arme.

This scarfe ile weare in memorie of our soules,
And of our muteall loues; heere, heere, ile wind it,
And full as often as I thinke one thee,
Ile kisse this little ensigne, this soft banner,
Smeard with foes bloud, all for the maisters honor:
Alas I pitty Bellimperias eies,
Just at this instant her hart sincks and dies.

Exit Horatio carying andrea on his back.

Enter Jeronimo Solus.

Jero. My boy ads treble comfort to my age,
His share is greatest in this victory,
The Portugales are slaine and put to flight,
By Spaniards yee, most by Horatioes might:
Ile to the Spanish tents to see my sonne,
Giue him my blessing, and then all is done.

Enter two, dragging of ensignes, then the funerall of Andrea: next Horatio, and Lorenzo, leading prince Balthezer captiue, then the Lord General with others mourning, a great cry within.

Caron, a boat, a boat, then Enter charon, and the ghoast of Andrea.

Hor. O my Lords:
See Don Andreas ghoast salutes me, see embraces me.
Lor. It is your loue that shapes this apprehention.
Hor. Do you not see him plainly Lords,
Now he would kisse my cheeke, O my pale friende,
Wert thou any thing but a ghoast I could loue thee,
See he points at his owne hearse, mark all,
As if he did reioyce at funerall.
And. Reueng giue my tong freedom, to paint her part,
To thank Horatio, and commend his hart.
Reueng. No youle blab secrets then:

And. By Charons boat I will not.
Reueng. Nay you shall not: therefore passe,
Secrets in hell are lockt with doores of brasse:
Vse action if you will, but not in voice,
Your friend conceiues in signes how you reioyce.
Hor. See, see, he points to haue his goe forward on,
I prethee rest, it shall be done sweet Don,
Now hees vanisht.

Sound trumpets and a peale of ordenance.

And. I am a happy Ghost,
Reueng, my passage now cannot be crost,
Come charon: come hels Sculler, waft me ore,
You sable streams which looke like moulten pitch,
My Funerall rights are made, my herse hung rich.

Exit Ghost and Reueng a great noise within.

within. Charon: a bote, Charon, charon?
Cha. Who cals so loud on charon.
Indeed tis such a time the truth to tell,
I neuer want a fare, to passe to hell.

Exit Omnes

Sound a florish Enter marching Horatio and Lorenzo,
Leading prince Balthezer, Lord Generall,
Phillippo, and Cassimero, with
followers.

Hor. These honord rights and worthy duties spent
Vpon the Funerall of Andreas dust,
Whose once his valliant ashes, march we now
Homeward with victory to crowne Spaines brow.
Gene. The day is ours and ioy yeelds happy treasure,
Set on to Spaine, in most triumphant measure.

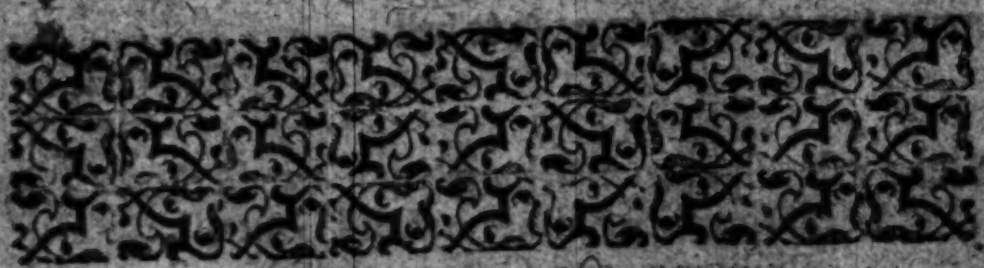
Exit Omnes.

The first part.

Enter Ieronimo Solus.

Ier. Foregod I haue iust mist them: ha:
Soft Ieronimo: thou hast more friends
To take thy leaue of: Looke well about thee,
Imbrace them, and take friendly leaue,
My armes are of the shortest,
Let your loues pece them out,
Your welcome all, as I am a Gentleman,
For my sons sake, grant me a man at least,
At least I am: so good night kind gentles,
For I hope theres neuer a Iew among you all,
And so I leaue you. Exit

Finis.



The fuel that ouer I say